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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Children's Song by Kipling

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look, in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun!

—*From Puck of Pook's Hill.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1906 NUMBER 7

Commend me to home-joy, the family-board, altar and hearth.

—Robert Browning.

The state association of Congregational churches in North Dakota urged by resolution all its pastors and members in the state to seek the defeat of the republican candidate for governor and "that of any other candidate for office who falls below the moral law of the Decalogue." Let others go and do likewise. This is entering politics in the right way.

"The Religion of the Average Man" is discussed in a recent number of the *Outlook* by three different writers, and they give to him a very attractive religion. We only wish it were a true picture. We fear it is the exceptional man that has taken the pains to beat out for himself so vital a faith or who is sufficiently alert to spiritual verities to be disturbed by the anxieties here indicated. We fear it is the exceptional man and not the average man that is so exercised today. It is the complacency and indifference of the average man in the presence of religious problems and the accompanying claims upon society that is the distressing feature in the case.

Last week a murderer was hung in Chicago in comparative obscurity. The daily papers announced the fact in briefest terms, without display line or description. This is most hopeful. We do not remember a parallel case. When executions, official or otherwise, will cease to inflame the imagination of the press, then murders, official and otherwise, will grow less. No more surely does the blood on the meadow madden the bullocks until they gore one another to death than does the loud notoriety given to murders put the thought of murder into the hearts of the undisciplined multitude. This is the fertile source of southern lynchings as well as the exaggerated cause for the same.

Charities of New York, whose strength was augmented some months ago by the absorption of the *Commons* of Chicago, is becoming more and more a cyclopedia of current humanities. In a recent number the article on "Working Hours of Women in Factories" may well be used at the Wednesday night prayer meeting. It will arouse conscience and make real the devotions where Bible texts and the problems of individual salvation from post-mortem tortures may fail. The author of this article, Miss Mary Van Kleeck, of the College Settlement of New York, has taken time by the forelock and already sounds the Christmas alarm. It is painful in the extreme to have to record this sad side of the cheerful season, but it ought to be known, and so we beg our readers at this early day to read some facts furnished us by *Charities* of New York City, which will appear in our next issue, under the caption of "Christmas: Night Work and Women."

The opening address before the Meadville Theological School this year was given by Professor Christie on "Recent Liberal Tendencies in the Roman Catholic Church." Professor Christie has just returned from a Sabbatical year abroad and his lecture was based on European studies. The address will probably be published at an early date. But, missing the lecture, the title is worth promulgating. The "liberal tendencies" are the hopeful things, not the liberalism that has attained. The world is advanced by search, by movements, not by conclusions or by its possessions. The Meadville Theological School offers an opportunity for the study of movements in theology. It is or ought to be one of the few schools that delight more in tendencies than in the things determined, and when the academic tide sets in again towards the ministry, as it will some day (may it be soon), Meadville may well expect its quota.

Edward Everett Hale the other Sunday celebrated with his people the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement over the South Congregational Church in Boston. The *Christian Register* says that the celebration was observed very quietly and modestly, at Mr. Hale's request. But such an event cannot be celebrated in a corner. This young man away up in the eighties belongs to the nation and everything said or done by him, for him or with him in these days touches the public spirit, enkindles patriotism and stimulates ministers and laymen to more vigorous service. UNITY sends its greetings to the preacher who has overflowed the freest pulpit in the freest city of America. Some people still try to honor him by calling him "Doctor" or to designate him with the "Rev.," but he is bigger than titles and all handles are obtrusive. There are plenty of "Doctors" and "Reverends" lying around loose, oftentimes in the way, but there is only one Edward Everett Hale, and he is always useful, and while on earth is indispensable.

In the news columns of the *Congregationalist* there is a plea that the two Congregational churches of Mattoon, Ill., where there has been financial and other trouble that have had "full ventilation in local newspapers" should come together and make one strong Congregational center. * * * "In view of the incoming of many Jews and the type of other probable residents in the near future, an opportunity is now offered to unite forces and increase effectiveness." Welcome the Jew! Here is another and a later use of the Jew. Let him be welcomed in every community if his presence will encourage the uniting of forces. When this uniting process begins, perhaps it will go on until the Jew, for all his dreaded influence, will be given a welcome and, as has been demonstrated in thousands of communities, will be a valuable helper on all the high lines of morality and religion. The dread of the Jew's influence and presence in the culture, religious and civic realms is a sad manifestation of arrested development among the would-be Christian people. In organizations where "Society" considerations obtain the handling of humanity in bundles, the significance of labels and the social idiosyncrasies connected therewith, may still obtain, but in intelligent organizations where the purpose is civic advancement and public service, the individual is the unit, and the man and not the Jew or the Irishman or the Yankee should be under consideration.

The *Congregationalist* for October 13 in an editorial calls attention to the fact that "the barriers which separate most Christian denominations from one another are those of administration, not of doctrine." Our exchange has in mind, of course, the Evangelical Christian denominations, but it is still more true of the so-called liberal churches. Our exchange does not, as it seems to us, with sufficient clearness recognize the next fact,—that the so-called difference in administration has in it a large element of administrative pride, of official anxieties and narrowness. Edward Everett Hale many years ago, speaking of a newly appointed functionary, said in effect: "I think he is strong enough to withstand the office. * * * was the only man I ever knew whom the church office did not in the long run narrow and weaken." It is so hard to keep from identifying the cause of truth, the interest of progress and the development of soul, with the enlargement of our denomination and the increase in its receipts and the multiplication of its instrumentalities. The clearness of the editorial in question is lost, to our mind, when it says that "Ecclesiastical bodies working freely side by side are more effective witnesses for Christ than they would be as one body, unable to quell inward strife." But how can ecclesiastical bodies witness to their Christ while disturbed with outward strife? As a matter of fact, the blighting power is so manifest that when any vital witnessing is to be done the earnest souls in all the denominations hasten to step outside and get together that they may become effective. Witness: Purity, Peace, Temperance conferences. Witness: the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., civic federations, municipal leagues, settlement work, of various kinds. All of these are practical provisional expediencies to escape the imbecility of the denominations that are kept apart more by the technicalities of administration and the ambitions connected therewith than by the fundamentals of doctrine or the distinctions of their several fields. They want to do the same good for the same people and very largely in the same way and at the same time, but they want to do it from different offices and under different names. The overlapping character of the field of labor has been recognized long ago, but the headquarters are the distinctive features and they have to be reckoned with.

The National Purity Conference

The second annual meeting of this body, which held its sessions at the Abraham Lincoln Centre last week, was an unique and most suggestive gathering. Over one hundred delegates were in attendance, literally from all parts of the country. They represented as wide a range of convictions as of geography. It was a company which a theological survey or social theories would have broken up into fragments, and still the greatest harmony prevailed and the meetings were characterized with a white heat of intensity. The dominant sex was feminine, but the percentage of men, earnest, active men, was much larger than in most such convocations. The dignity of the proceedings was unquestioned, as should be expected, because it was a meeting devoted to problems of terrible seriousness, and the frankness of discussion, the plainness of speech, was the very opposite of flippancy. It was awe-ful, in the best sense of the word.

While there were some disappointments, the long program was in the main realized to a remarkable degree. Wilbur T. Crafts, Superintendent of the Reform Bureau in Washington; Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, of the National Association of Colored Women, from Washington, and Anthony Comstock, the one sensational name on the program, were not present, but there were plenty of others to make the eight sessions crowded, and there was not a stupid number throughout, because they had a definite object in mind and were dealing with very practical questions. Most of the speakers spoke without notes, for they were full of their subject. While the backbone of most of the speeches was evangelical, of the Salvation Army type perhaps, the deliberations of the Conference dealt effectively with the inadequate housings and the inadequate pay of working women, the wicked neglect of children at both ends of the social line, better police administration, more practical church administrations, and a more consecrated use of wealth and culture.

We hope that a more detailed account of this Conference will be given by another hand in our next issue. We will have to content ourself by saying that it was to the thoughtful, and it appealed to none other,

a very religious gathering, a body that was shot through and through with the scientific spirit, *i. e.*, a desire to know the facts and a readiness to recognize the sanctity of the same, and a faith that light, the sunlight of truth, is always sanitary.

The timid hearted preachers who, in their denominational environment look doubtingly out upon the distracted fields of the religious world, broken by schism, made imbecile by the sectarian confusions and conflicts and say, "It is no use trying the impossible. Denominational lines are too strong; federation is impossible; the Congress of Religion is a dream, beautiful but impracticable," would have been cured of their distrust had they attended this meeting. Here Catholic, Jew, strangely bonneted sisterhoods, free thinkers and revivalist men and women, ministers and laymen, sang and prayed, plotted and planned for mutual work in a mutual spirit.

To the doubting ministers the one lesson most palpable in this Conference was that unity of purpose and harmony of work is never to be secured by new formulas of thought or by a recodification of creeds or other bases of union, but it comes promptly, inevitably, whenever the tasks and duties of life are made primary objects of pursuit.

A second obvious lesson, more important to father and mother and growing boy and girl is that there is need of more frank instruction concerning the great functions of life, the sex relation, which is so intimately related to the salvation or the damnation of individuals and of society, as the case may be.

Anne B. Mitchell

Never was a little pinch of matter more illuminated, more shot through and through with light and intelligence, more rimmed with love, than was the body of Anne B. Mitchell. Never was mind capable of high thoughts, meant for noble creations, more inadequately housed than was the spirit of Anne B. Mitchell. She was a worthy child of the rugged rocks of the New England shore, and in her the gentleness, patience, submission and sweetness of a Quaker ancestry were not belied. It would seem as though her spirit were meant for leadership, for an organizer, for a creator, but the little body hindered. It would seem as if nature meant her for a gifted musician; she had the aptitudes of a skillful performer, perhaps of a great composer. But early in life her teachers recognized the inevitable limit of fate and said to her, "It is no use; the little hands are too small; the little arms are too weak; you can never be a great performer." The iron limitations of matter drew the line and she respected the decree, accepted the inevitable with grace and sweetness. The few who knew her power, particularly those who summer after summer were permitted to sit at her feet at the Tower Hill Summer School and listen to the sentences burdened with wisdom, clarified by study, sharpened by the penetration of a clear mind, felt that an orator was intended here; one who could sway multitudes and persuade with her arguments and her pleadings. But here the inevitable and inexorable tyranny of an inadequate body was again encountered. The voice, though clear, was too weak. It was incompetent to adequately express the great thoughts, and the frail presence, though swayed as a sapling by the wind, was not ample enough to adequately interpret the sense; here again she was limited.

Those who came within the spell of her benign presence felt she was meant to be a missionary, in the tenderest and truest sense of that word,—one commissioned to bear healing and consolation, warning and reproof, to the distressed and the wayward children of men. But here again the inexorable limit presented itself. She had but a small grain of strength to carry out the warm bursts of purpose; the splendid plans of the genial spirit were cabined and confined in the little organism that it would seem ought to have gone to rest years and years ago. This body seems to have been fretted into more life, chained to high purpose, impelled to serve, by an indomitable will. So it was a surprise, a benign shock, to know that the well preserved little body, the hair scarcely touched with gray, had weathered sixty-nine years of mortal time. Last summer at Tower Hill she seemed to be unusually well, but the clock at last ran down and translation came suddenly and unexpectedly. A few days of unrelenting illness and the body lay buried in flowers on Sunday afternoon, October 7, in the Abraham Lincoln Centre, the building she so much loved, and the group of devoted friends gathered around while the memorial word was spoken by him whose work she had so faithfully helped and to whom it is given to write this tribute of affection and admiration.

Miss Mitchell was one of the pioneers of Chicago, coming hither from her Nantucket home when a young woman. For many years she was the confidential secretary of Judge Gresham, the statesman who never truckled to the politician. For the last seven years she was one of the lecturers of the Tower Hill Summer School. There where the birds do congregate and the wild flowers do bloom she brought, not the easy results of shallow reading, culled from second and third rate sources, but the careful, profound results of the study of first-hand sources. She did not follow the debilitating example of so many paper-writers of today,—seek her material among the reviews and the magazines, but she went straight to headquarters and dealt with original material,—French, German, English, as the case might be. Thus in succession she brought her interpretations of the untranslated dramas of Victor Hugo and the legends of the Arthurian cycle, so congenial to her spirit and so ready to her mind. She carried her class off into the by-paths of literature; she made the Rose Garden of Persia bloom in Wisconsin; she led them through the classic lands of Greek drama and the epics of India, and, last year the wealth of Hebrew poetry and the high place of the Jew in modern as well as in an-

cient literature, were her themes. Already she had accepted her assignment for 1907. As was her custom, she faced it as a year's task, but the end has come. In her, scholarship was glorified and intensified into prophetic clearness. To those who knew her at her best she was an unfrocked minister of souls. She was one of the forces that made for refinement and culture in boisterous Chicago. She exemplified the principle of her beloved Ruskin:

"In fact, it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed and happy-hearted human creatures . . . whether, among national manufactures, that of Souls of a good quality may not at last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one."

By this test, a Chicago millionaire was embowered in flowers on her burial day. Happy indeed the boasted millionaire who when he comes to die will be so missed, so beloved, and who will leave an estate so tangible as did little Miss Mitchell. At her funeral, among other words William Gannett's "To the Lady of the Yea and Nay," were read.

Miss Mitchell was allied to power and nobility. Her sister, Mrs. Ellen Mitchell, was the first woman to hold a position on the board of education in Chicago, one of the organizers and early presidents of the Fortnightly and the Chicago Women's Clubs; and her brother, Dr. Mitchell, occupied an honorable place in his profession. Like these, Miss Mitchell stood in whatsoever was refining and elevating in Chicago society, and like them will be much missed and long remembered.

"Cup of alabaster,
Fragile, but the Master
Poured the wine;
Overflowing measure,
Choicest of the treasure
Of the vine.

"Death and Love have found her,
Life and Love have crowned her
For their own.
Peace, her elder sister,
Into silence kissed her,
Sorrow flown."

Anne B. Mitchell

Mayflower of New England spring,
Butterfly on roving wing,
Titmouse in the wintry wood,
Pine-song of the solitude,
Primrose of the evening hush,
Whip-poor-will and twilight thrush,
Surges of her island home,
Stars alight in heaven's blue dome,
Winding pathway down the glade,
Sunbeams slanting through the shade,
Fragrance of the Persian rose,
Dews and mists and winter snows,
Tune of brook and hum of bee,
Pearl from Islam's rosary,
Ring of Rhinegold hammered fair,
Rune or rubric, old and rare,
Face of friend and heart of power,—
These made up her earthly dower.
She was kindred to them all.
What a dawn if it befall,
What a dawn if she awake
To a morning that shall make
Such a glory round her birth
She shall have no need of earth!

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER XVI.

"And love lives on and hath a power to bless
When they who love are hidden in their grave."

Mother Bickerdyke did much for Kansas and the Kansans delighted to honor her. All over our beautiful prairies—prairies of which poets have sung and statesmen have rejoiced to mention—the broad, spreading lands that one has called "the open hand of God," yielding riches and blessings to whosoever earns them by honest toil and perseverance—these lands are dotted all over with the homes of the soldiers, many of them brought here through the effort of Mrs. Bickerdyke.

Kansas has always "faced the right" and stood unflinchingly for freedom and truth. Her record is one to be proud of—her history such as no one can read without a thrill of civic pride and gladness—and this because our men and women are equal to their homes—because the individual life is strong and good.

Thinking of this, remembering how much of our state population is made up of the old soldiers and their descendants, I wonder how much of it all we owe to the soldiers' mother, dauntless Mrs. Bickerdyke? It is a debt not easily computed—a debt to be paid not in money nor in empty words of praise, but in daily living and in worthy deeds. This land

"Where even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground,"

where a something in the very air we breathe calls us to nobleness; where the breadth and freedom of the prairies becomes a vital part of us and will not let us live low and base; where we must needs be true to the best that is within us if we would be worthy of our sires and our fair heritage—this land that has wrestled with disaster, fought and conquered hardships—the mention of which would be disheartening to a less brave people—this state once a scoff and by-word, but now one of the strongest, as she is one of the fairest of the great sisterhood of states, whose motto calls us ever upward "To the stars," whatever difficulties may be in the way, this great, beautiful state of Kansas is, more than any other, Mother Bickerdyke's monument and memorial built up by her boys with her name and the memory of all she did and was "writ large" in its history, imperishably engraven in the hearts of its people. Here her story will be told to the children and their children's children for generations yet unborn.

Her picture hangs in the Historical Department of our state capitol, in G. A. R. halls all over the state, in the "Mother Bickerdyke Home" at Ellsworth and elsewhere, and in many private homes, and children are taught to lisp her name with love and gratitude, because of the good she has done, and of the heroism and beauty of her life both in public and in the privacy of home.

Now that we can do no more for her, save to live as would best please her, facing the right and doing the duty that lies nearest us—each one with loving faithfulness, now that we no longer see her and can serve her no more, we are glad to remember we did not fail in honor to her while she was with us. We are glad that we let her feel the depth of our love and appreciation, and in so far as we could, gave back measure for measure of the good she did us. As she grew older and more feeble our tender care for her increased, and she lacked for nothing that a grateful people could give her. We did not keep our praise and our flowers until she was gone and then strew them

lavishly over her grave, but let her have the comfort of them while she lived. But she asked little for herself. It was for others she pleaded always—and their needs were ever paramount to her own. So they had enough she "could get along."

Of several who knew her well I have asked, "What do you think was the keynote in Mother Bickerdyke's character?" One answered at once, "Executive ability, and, like Grant, never knowing when she was beaten, never giving up until she had accomplished her purpose." Another said, "It was truth—the strength of truth," and yet another said, "Her all-embracing motherhood." "Love," "Hope," "Courage and self-reliance," said others, and one added, "Her strong common sense" that made her say so often, when urging the granting of some asked for favor, as she said to General Sherman, when pleading with him to have an order changed, "Have some sense about it now, General." She admired courage and ability wherever shown, but she had no overpowering awe of a man simply because he was an officer. As I once heard her say, "They're only men anyway, and the biggest of them is only about six feet high." Whatever was the keynote of her character, it was the blending of all these traits mentioned that made her what she was.

She was a true democrat, with all the simplicity of a Jefferson, all the strength and tenderness of a Lincoln. For Lincoln she had great love and reverence. I have seen her eyes fill with tears as she spoke of his kindness to the soldiers and his grief over the great sacrifice of lives and the sorrow that spread over our fair land.

Though she associated with the highest and best of our land, moving among them easily because she did not think of herself, the poorest and the most uneducated felt no embarrassment in her presence. She met all upon the level of a common man and womanhood, the level of truth. Hers was the true aristocracy—the aristocracy of intellect and of soul. Her speech was such as "the common people heard with gladness," her message was one of love and good will to all—her work told for the improvement of the whole life—the mental and spiritual as surely as the physical, and no one, unless he was a rascal and did not want to live well, could come from a meeting with her without feeling better and stronger for it. Even for the rascal she had a great pity, knowing there is moral sickness and weakness as well as physical, and that the bad man is one of diseased moral nature and weak will, and is bad not because he loves evil doing, but because he lacks the strength to be good.

After her removal from Russell in the early fall of 1895, I did not see her again, as I was too much of an invalid to go from home, but she did not forget me, and every now and then I was cheered by a letter from her, characteristic letters they were, every one—revealing the mind and the heart of the mother—full of sympathy for my suffering, but with little or no mention of her own growing burden of pain and weakness. Once she wrote she had a picture for me, saying, "If your husband or son should be in Bunker Hill tell him to come in and get it, for I cannot send it by mail." I thought only of a small photo, probably a framed one, the glass over it preventing her sending it "by mail." Judge then of my surprise when upon receiving it I found it to be a large crayon portrait, heavily framed ready for hanging, copied from a beautiful photo of her taken when she was about seventy-five. "You cannot go from home," she wrote in reference to this gift, "and have to look always at the four walls of your room. If seeing the reflection of my old face can do you any good you shall have it to look at." So it is that the dear old face looks down at me always, at once an inspiration and a benediction, helping me to remember always the spirit in which she worked, and inciting me to greater patience and perseverance. It is a beautiful face to me.

> "Beautiful, though not with youth,
> But with the sweet, low lines of soul,
> The love that never dies."

Beautiful with all the record of her well spent life, with the ripeness, the maturity of age, the eyes brooding and tender with mother love, the mouth firm but sweet, the whole expression that of one who looked deep into life and believed in the good everywhere—in short, a face that, as Helen Hunt has said, is the "outside garment" of a strong, true soul, the face of our dear old Mother Bickerdyke! I wish I could tell what this pictured face has been to me all these years of "shut-in" life; of how often, looking at it, I have held back the impatient word that trembled upon my lips; of how many times, remembering her courage, I have said, "I will" instead of "I cannot" when some hard task invited me to effort, or of how blest a thing it seems to me that the little son and daughter in our home should grow up in its—shadow—I was going to write, but let me change it to radiance, and with a sacred memory of her in their young hearts. They must be better through all after years because of it. I am glad to remember a similar picture must be in many a Kansas home, doing its good work in each one.

I have read somewhere a pretty little story of a little boy lost from his parents in the streets of some great city, but who said to his mother later, when found, "I wasn't lost at all, 'cause I was right there in front of a toy-shop window all the time and I knew where Mother Bickerdyke lived." I think this must be the feeling of many of her soldier boys. They must think of the "Beyond" as the place where "Mother Bickerdyke lives," and that will make it seem less strange, less far away, for they will think of her

> "As waiting on the shore,
> More beautiful, more precious than before."

and will go gladly on to receive her welcoming greeting.

Singing in the Rain

Tell me, what's the use of fretting when we think that things go wrong?
It never makes them better; but I've heard it said a song
Makes the heavy load seem lighter, and will cheer the troubled heart
Till it quite forgets its worries, and its vexing cares depart.
As the wind that sweeps the marshes where the fog hangs, chill and gray,
Moves the mists that mar the morning till it blows them all away.

So, whenever storm clouds gather till they hide the sun from sight,
And it's darker in the morning than it ought to be at night,
Then let's sing about the sunshine that is on the other side
Of the darkest cloud, my comrade. Let the song ring far and wide
On the listening ear of others who climb the hill with you,
Till the rifted clouds are scattered, and the gray old world seems new.

Sing of gladness and of beauty. Let the faith that cannot fail
In the great eternal Goodness over fear and doubt prevail.
As the robin's song sounds sweetest when we hear it in the rain,
So this song of ours, my comrade, in a time of tears and pain
Will to those who grieve a message full of hope and comfort bring,
So, look upward toward the sunshine, though it's out of sight, and sing.

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

THE PULPIT.

Conscience Calls

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, OCTOBER 14, 1906.

III.

THE CALL OF THE HOME.

I am trying on these Sundays to interpret the Conscience Calls that touched our vacation days, first with thoughtfulness, then with restlessness, at last with a willingness to abandon the woods and return to the city, to come back from seclusion and play to the tasks of life, to the duties of civilization.

We heard the cry of the human in the Call of the City, and the struggles of men and women grew more interesting than the industry of bees and ants. We heard the Call of the Church, and the efforts of men and women to serve the truth, to conserve their ideals, to lose the finite life in a sense of infinity, became more interesting than the songs of birds or the soughing of the pine trees.

Today I should like to interpret, if I may, in terms of conscience, the Call of the Home,—the primal unit in civilization, a fundamental factor in human society.

There was a family before there was a home; there are families now that are in danger of sinking back into the nomadic life, without settled habitation, where there are few sanctities and a minimum of continuity. Without further preliminaries, let us hasten at once to see if we may discover some of the essential elements of a home that are menaced today, to secure and preserve which constitute imperative conscience calls upon those who, by virtue of their wealth of money, wealth of time and strength, wealth of intelligence, rest most heavily the responsibilities of society, the needs of the age, the cause of humanity, which is the cause of progress.

First, then, as the word would seem to indicate, Home is an enclosure, a shelter place, a retreat, a place apart, an inner sanctuary, safe from the distractions, the dangers, the noise, and the hurry of life. The dictionary can give us but a short etymology for the word; we find it without antecedents in the Anglo-Saxon. The Englishman has claimed, with some degree perhaps of conceit, that the French have no word for "Home." It would be interesting to discover the equivalents of "home" in other languages, ancient and modern. Such a search would probably reveal the comparatively modern differentiation of the family home from the stockaded village, the camp of the tribe, the fortification of the clan. The home is the slow and comparatively recent emphasis of the family. It is father, mother, and child living apart; sleeping and eating by themselves. So, "home" implies a house which the common English law recognizes as a man's castle, which cannot be invaded ruthlessly by the idle or the curious.

But this enclosure, in order to be a home of civilized man, must be more than a place of eating and sleeping; more than a shelter from wind and weather, a "last resort" when there is no other place to go to. The "fireside," the "evening lamp," the "sitting" room, aye, even the "parlor" when translated into its Saxon equivalent—the place for talk—are words that reach the very essentials of home. The fireside is the place of communion; the evening lamp retrieves the hour of darkness to the service of study. The day laborer through it becomes the evening student. The man of toil may also, by virtue of the fireside and the evening lamp, be the man of books. The evening lamp secures university privileges that last through a lifetime; there is no four-year limit to its curriculum. The sitting room is the ante-chamber to legislative halls. Here senators are trained and national and international problems are discussed and great reforms have their preliminary hearing.

Robert Browning, in his poem "By the Fireside," gives, indirectly, not only a charming but a profound exposition of the home. Here the poet in middle life, in the vigor and prime of his manhood, forecasts the future years and anticipates the accumulating peace and power of the old age that is to come:

"How well I know what I mean to do
When the long, dark autumn evenings come;
And where, my soul, is thy pleasant hue?
With the music of all thy voices, dumb
In life's November too!

"I shall be found by the fire, suppose,
O'er a great wise book, as beseemeth age;
While the shutters flap as the cross-winds blow,
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose!"

This scholarly man foresees the time when the neglected Greek will again enlist his studies, and Italy, the woman country, will lure him again and he will live over again the mountain surprises and rustic scenes, and in the wealth of it all realize how much richer life is in the retrospect than it was in the prospect:

"But who could have expected this
When we two drew together first
Just for the obvious human bliss,
To satisfy life's daily thirst
With a thing men seldom miss?

"Come back with me to the first of all,
Let us lean and love it over again,
Let us now forget and now recall,
Break the rosary in a pearly rain,
And gather what we let fall!"

But after all his wanderings, through study, through travel, and through imagination, he is back again in the old shelter, the home place, sitting opposite her who made his "small life complete":

"And to watch you sink by the fireside now
Back again, as you mutely sit
Musing by firelight, that great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it,
Yonder, my heart knows how!

"So, earth has gained by one man the more,
And the gain of earth must be heaven's gain, too;
And the whole is well worth thinking o'er
When autumn comes: which I mean to do
One day, as I said before."

Between the lines of this poem again we discover what our own experience emphasizes,—that the home, in order to be a home of civilized man, must not only be a repair shop where the machine is run in for the purpose of tightening bolts, oiling the journals, repairing the damages, and re-charging the batteries for another successful run out of doors and into the world, but it must be a place for creation as well as for repairs; a place of serenity; a place for self-discovery; a place where one may invite one's soul to commune with things high and things eternal. It must be a nursery of enthusiasm, the brooding place for ideals.

How is this home to be realized? What are the conscience calls today, here in the city of Chicago, to the home-maker?

The first condition of the home is a sense of permanence. That life is weak that is not staid by association. The meanest environment grows helpful, tender, beautiful, when haloed in delightful memories and baptized with sacred tears. No matter how dismal the street may be or how small the house or

unkempt the neighbors, the cottage where the bridal couple first unpack the wedding gifts, arrange their first book shelf and hang their earliest pictures, is, to every right-minded man and woman, forever dear; and however rich in outward things future years may be, the heart will ever be compelled to confess that there the word "Home" received an interpretation that all subsequent years enhanced and glorified.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
* * * * * * *
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear or regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well."

That was a great step forward in the march of man when he passed from the wigwam to the house. About that time the nomad became a settler and the family took root. Zoroaster's place among the great teachers of religion was made good by his emphasis on the value of the planter and the house-builder. The second place most acceptable to Ahura-Mazda—the Holy One—he taught was the place where man reared him a house. That is a sad and blighting degeneracy that weakens the hold of the family on its surroundings, makes nomadic the pampered children of luxury and denudes the child of the millionaire of a sense of security and permanence in some home shelter. Alas for the child who can say I have no abiding place. There is a mighty sociological as well as economic significance in the old maxim, "A rolling stone gathers no moss!" The sad complaint of the young woman that "she had no birthplace because she was the daughter of a Methodist minister," is exaggerated a hundredfold by the poor, luckless, pampered children of Chicago's boulevards and avenues, who are trundled from place to place, whose mothers haunt the real estate offices in search of some new flat where the woes of the housekeeper will be lessened and the noise of the neighbor's dog will cease from troubling.

Right physical surroundings are important, but the accumulating sanctities of the place of shelter will make helpful and holy the most inhospitable of surroundings. Conscience protests against the nomadic tendencies incident to city life. It pleads for the spiritual accumulations, a growing bank account, that comes from the associations of life deposits in the bank of character. Chickens have their fixed roosting places; the bluebird returns year after year to build his nest in the same hollow stump. Shall the children of Chicago have less? Let us give the children something concerning home, to remember, other than the moving van and the friction with house agents. A boarding house is a poor place in which to rear children and a hotel is a doleful birthplace.

Next to permanence, the cry of conscience today is for simplicity in the home. However it may be for the developed man, the child should be saved from the complexity and the distractions of life. I am glad the old English law called a man's home a "castle" and not a "palace." The elaborations of the modern home is largely the result of the hynotizing power of the drygoods and furniture men, who multiply things, stuffs and trinkets to be sold for profit. The modern home becomes a junk shop by means of the bargain counter. This complexity of the modern home is what makes marriage seem an impossibility to the frugal young man and housekeeping a burden too heavy to bear by the young woman. It drives the children of the fortunate into the back yards of the day laborers, the homes of the washerwomen, that they may enjoy the freedom of the simple life; that they may be superior to things; that mind may ride in the saddle and drive, not be driven by, matter, however elegant; matter, however costly.

Simplicity is the necessary condition of the serenity that is the choicest gift of the home. But more than in its stability and its serenity, the home of the civilized man differs from that of the savage in that it is a school, the training ground of mind, the place of thought, the nursery of ideas and the fostering bed of the ideals; the enthusiasm—the God within—the fire that burns away the obstacles, that melts the ice of indifference,—this is the measure of a civilized home, and conscience pleads with the home-maker of today. Whatever else you fail to give to your children, give them convictions; give them a cause which to them is worth living for and, when needs be, worth dying for; give them a passion for something other than selfish ease or selfish power.

The materialism of our time, the essential coarseness of our city, is proven by no other one thing so conclusively as by the materialistic anxieties of parents, their over-weaning concern for clothing, the diet, and the material surroundings of their children. All these things are necessary, but conscience pleads with the mother today and says: Better, better, a thousand times better, the pestilential gases that blight the body than the pestilential cynicism that withers the soul of the child. Better any time an undigestible dinner that will disturb the stomach than an unwholesome ambition that will pervert the soul. Looked at even from the standpoint of the body, a clear purpose in life, a noble ideal, a preoccupied and growing mind, is the first essential of a healthy body. There is a sanitary quality in a worthy purpose and, as every wise physician testifies, a cheerful spirit, a noble heart, a loving purpose, are curative, are themselves invigorating to the body. There is scientific basis to the old saw, "Good cheer waits on good digestion."

So, conscience pleads with the home-maker today,—Whatever else you may not give to your children, however you may fail in the material conditions of the home, so long as you can make it a place of thought, the home of ideas and the trysting place of the ideal, you are giving to your children and securing for yourselves, the divinest shelter, the most sacred resting place possible to man. With these you have a home whatever else be missing. Without these you have no home, though your house cost a million and your grounds be ample and your walls be lined with costly books and precious pictures.

These, then, are the elements in the home which the conscience-call of the summer emphasized for me:

Permanence, a sense of stability, the value of association, the priceless quality of home traditions, which are the a, b, c of history, the small coin that represents a nation's wealth, that marks the progress of humanity.

Simplicity,—the subordination of matter to mind; simplicity,—the mark of classic excellence, whether it be in architecture, literature, or home-making. The violation of this canon is today undermining thousands of homes in our midst, breaking down the elasticity of hundreds of thousands of mothers, and making prematurely gray and, what is worse, sordid the spirit and sullen the mind of as many fathers.

And, lastly, the needs of the ideal: The home should be the trysting place where God again manifests himself in the flesh; where he appears again as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, luring the soul on and on to some far-off Canaan, some land of the ideal, so desirable that it seems to be flowing with milk and honey.

Better, a hundred times better, the orphan child, left to the cruel mercies of relentless circumstances, to the heartless discipline of poverty and loneliness, than to be so fathered and mothered that life becomes listless, the days spent in passive enjoyment of unearned and on that account unappreciated bounties and privileges.

Alas! for the child to whom the father bequeaths a low ideal and who receives from the mother lessons in flippancy, frivolity and extravagance.

Protection is the universally recognized province of the home, physical protection from the scorching heats of summer and the blistering winds of winter; protection from the violent forces of nature and of human nature. But this protection, this kind of home, the human offspring shares in common with the lower animals. The bird finds a sheltered place to build its nest. The squirrel secures a cozy retreat for its little ones. The very wasps are successful home builders on this plane. That only is a worthy home for the human that offers protection for the spirit, a place where the soul is safeguarded from coarseness and selfishness, from greed and lust, from the poisoned tongue of slander and the thought-destroying pettiness of gossip.

And this protection never comes from an outward varnish, but always from an inward secretion. The aimless youth is always at the mercy of every beckoning passion. He is lured away by all the fluttering banners of fancy. The preoccupied youth is saved from contamination in a moral pest house. He is pure in the midst of impurity. Like the mole that burrows its way through the muddy garden unstained, the child that has received from its parents a kindling purpose, a cause to live for—it matters but little what that cause may be—only so it be persuasive enough to absorb the interest, to enlist the enthusiasm, to engage the energies of the child. Herein lies the secret of the saving power of even an inadequate ideal. History rejoices in the dogmatist, the crank, the hobby-rider, the man or woman who has a fad,—anything from the gospel of bran-bread to that of universal brotherhood, will consecrate a home, make happy children and bargain for a happy old age if held in gospel fervency; while the broadest view, the most philosophic conception, a science-based philosophy held gingerly, pursued indifferently, occupying but a back seat at the fireside, will make rough and unscrupulous the boys and flippant and silly the girls that grow there.

But, you say, What of love! Here I am well through with my sermon without saying a word about love, the fundamental condition, the ultimate inspiration of the home. I did not forget love. I am not unmindful of the central place it occupies, but conscience calls me to say this morning, in the interest of the home, that "love" is a much overworked word in the vocabulary of the home-maker. Love as a passion, as an exponent of sex life, as the rhapsody of youth, as an expression of that blind instinct which secures the perpetuation of the race, man holds in common with the whole brute creation, and love, unguided by judgment, undirected by reason, unrestrained by conscience, is as apt to land the soul in brutishness as it is to lift it onto angelic levels.

What mean the terrible revealments of our police courts, the awful scandals of the avenues and the boulevards, which exceed in number and excel in wickedness the scandals of the tenement districts? What mean the ever-growing percentages of divorce among the would-be favored and the intelligent? Why this utter inadequacy of social position, of church restraints, of academic culture, to maintain the monogamic dignity of marriage through life in so many homes begin in love.

It means many things, but among other things it means that love as an emotion, love as a sentiment, the love that finds its warrant in ecstasies, reveals itself in the lovelornities before marriage and in the wild jealousies after marriage, is absolutely inadequate as a foundation of the home. How many, many, an ecstatic wooing, crowned with a triumphant wedding, has been precipitated into post-nuptial strains, quarrels, infidelities, and divorce! Perhaps nothing so marks the distinction between man and the brute, nothing so measures the humanity of men and women, as this power of subordinating love to duty; the ability to direct life by conscience and not by passion.

Duty and not love is the fundamental word of the home-maker, as kindness, gentleness, and service, not beauty of form or of voice is the measure of a woman's value as a home-maker.

Read again the incomparable description of the worthy woman which I read to you in the opening service. Note the qualities enumerated in this great Jewish classic, of the worthy woman whose "price is above rubies," in whom "the heart of her husband trusteth." She is a woman whose life is directed by the homely virtues of thrift, industry, charity and maternal thoughtfulness; it is she whose hands "hold the spindle;" who "stretcheth out her hand to the poor" and "reacheth them forth to the needy;" she who "openeth her mouth with wisdom and upon whose tongue is the law of kindness." Of such the husband will ever say, "Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excellest them all." Yea, verily, "grace is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised."

We look through the pages of literature in vain to find so admirable a picture, so adequate a measure of the man homemaker, of the "house-band," as we have here of the woman home-maker, the wife, the weaver of the household. But when such a classic is found it will be essentially a translation of the same ideal into the male gender. The same qualities of thrift and thoughtfulness, of restraint and self-control, of bridled passion and directed appetites, must go to make the perfect father, the trusted husband, the worthy home-maker. Grace is as deceitful in man as in woman, and beauty is as vain in the one as in the other, and the man that feareth Jehovah, he shall be praised. Strength and dignity must clothe him and he will open his mouth with wisdom, and the law of kindness must be on his tongue. He must look well to the ways of his household and eat not the bread of idleness. Then his wife and his children shall rise up and call him blessed, and his wife also shall praise him, saying, "Many sons have done worthily, but thou excellest them all." For "he giveth of the fruit of his hands, and his works praise him in the gates."

Love is wayward unless bridled by judgment and directed by conscience. Love is self-defeating; love is blind and reckless unless the divine propulsion that runs through all nature be illuminated and directed by the later, higher manifestations of God, which makes shame possible, self-denial habitual, and duty, duty, forever regnant.

"But," says the ardent heart, "one cannot control one's feelings. I cannot undo my impulses. I must respect the divine promptings of my nature."

This is the philosophy of the barnyard. The cattle of the fields are thus directed; but the birds of the air know a higher wisdom than this, for many of

them have learned the prudences of love and are mated, for "better and for worse," throughout life.

No, the word of conscience to the home-maker is this: Your love may not be ecstatic, but it can and must be duty-guided, and if, alas! love seems to fail, none the less obligations hold, and though joy flee from the fireside, still duty, the major divinity, remains. Let, then, the business side to marriage, the sanctities of the contract hold and the obligations of parentage, perhaps madly assumed, be carried out to the end with scrupulous conscientiousness, however grim the road. Better this than any ecstatic conception of a marriage made in heaven which in an astonishingly short space of time is to be unmade in hell and in the court-room:

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be."

says the poet, but the impulsive youths under the glamor of the marriage feast do not believe him. But the same poet shows in the poem already alluded to—"By the Fireside"—that the youth that restrains itself, the love that holds itself within "life's safe hem," instead of going over into the gulf "wherein youth drops," continues into the serenities of the autumn fireside, and he looks back upon the flowery ways of youth, not in pride, but—

"To think how little I dreamed it led
To an age so blest that, by its side,
Youth seems the waste instead."

Bear with me, O you impatient lovers! Bear with me, you to whom love's sweet dreams seem to have proven a delusion, to whom the growing years bring not serenity but anxiety; not peace but restlessness. When I subordinate love to conscience, passion to reason, inclination to duty; love becomes more and not less than all this. Lowell in his early manhood sang of love in the words I have read to you, as—"a humble, low-born thing, whose food is served in earthenware; a thing to walk with, hand-in-hand." He argued that love is blind only with the fleshly eye, but that its inner sight, when developed,

"Pierces the body's mask of thin disguise,
And beauty ever is to them revealed,
Behind the unshapeliest, meanest lump of clay,
With arms outstretched and eager face ablaze,
Yearning to be but understood and loved."

There was held at the Lincoln Centre this week a three-days' Purity Conference. One hundred delegates or more came from the remotest parts of the country,—from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the north and the south. Men and women came who are devoting their lives, each in his own way, to the saving of the young from the false allurements of love and the rescuing and, if it may be, reclaiming those who have been victimized by love and who are being consumed in the veritable hell flames of passion.

It was a motley crowd, representing a wide range of intelligence, of wisdom, and a still wider range of methods. Here were representatives of many programs, advocates of many panaceas, an interesting lot of hobby-riders with "their eyes in fine frenzy rolling." But notwithstanding this range, reaching from the evangelical slum worker to the Jewish rabbi, from the president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union to the representative of the Free Thinkers' League, from the midnight mission to the Abraham Lincoln Centre, there was an adequate bond of union which fused elements that would otherwise be discordant, and held together those who would otherwise promptly fall apart if not fall at each other. This adequate bond was a common purpose to let in the light on the dark places of life; the common conviction that not sentiment but sense must lay at the bottom even of the home; that purity is not prudery; that no delicacy of emotion or sentiment is safe that rests in ignorance; while, on the other hand, no knowledge of the mysteries of life, no acquaintance with the real character and functioning of any or all the instruments of body or of mind, can make for the degeneracy of character or the debauching of society. Truth never yet stained the heart of boy or girl. It is never the use but it is the misuse of words or facts that debauches.

So, this Purity Conference was from beginning to end a home-making parliament, because it recognized that to the pure all things are pure, while to the unguided imagination and the unconsecrated appetite no words are pure and no scriptures are holy. The very prayers of the irrational, of the unreasoning devotee, are allied, as has been so often proven over and over again, with license and lust.

But I must end. What is the call of conscience to the home? Cultivate the sanctity and privacy of it. Keep out the vicious display. Let fashion, vulgar show and idle expenditure be beaten back from the home altars, the hope of the church and the state. Let simplicity of life, sincerity of purpose and frankness of speech be dealt in here if nowhere else. Let love itself be held in leash by conscience; passion be subordinated to duty. When pleasure fails, still duty remains; when love itself dies, still honor and justice may abide, and further down the stream love may find itself again a passenger in the home-craft, making the distant port in serenity and peace. Spite of all disappointing experiences and disrupting emotions the heart that loved will, with the poet, look back upon the long life spent in home-making, and dare affirm:

"That a man should strive and agonize,
And taste a veriest hell on earth
For the hope of such a prize!"

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father.? Hath not one God created us?

The Congress of Religion—It's Purpose

Ideas, like human beings, are the culmination of centuries of evolutionary growth. The scientists tell us that man had his origin not when he came into this world as a little baby, nor even in the ovum from which he grew; they take us to the biological laboratory and show us the amoeba, so small that many of them may swim in a single drop of water at once, an animal which looks to us like a drop of oil and has hardly more of the functions of a living being, and they tell us this is the beginning of man, or is at least as near the beginning as their science will bring them as yet. Then they show us how in the process of growth the paranucleus is evolved from the amoeba, the higher order from the lower; how Mother Nature has supplied the fin, the foot, the wing, the hand as her children found need for them until at last came man who, the prophet says, is the image of God. Nor is it necessary, once the progresion has been made from a lower to a higher order, that each individual of the higher order should go through all the stages of that progress—human beings do not have dumb brutes for offspring, horses do not bring forth reptiles, paramorcia are not born of fishes. There are no repulses in the onward march of God's universe. Each succeeding order and generation is heir to all the good of all the generations that have gone before.

So in the universe of ideas there is a constant progression from the more simple to the more sophisti- stand it, is the work which the Congress of Religion

cated, and as conditions of life become more complex Nature supplies the ability to solve more complex problems. Here, too, there are no repulses. Having once gained a portion of truth we need never give it up. True, as the poet says, "Time makes ancient good uncouth," but that is because the ancient good either was not really good or because it was so hedged about and covered with the underbrush and vines of falsehood that it looks too bare when time has finished her shearing. The kernel of truth remains and each succeeding generation is heir to a larger portion of Eternal Truth.

Moreover, the law of heredity applies in the universe of ideas as well as in the animal and vegetable kingdoms of science. Ideas are born of a contact between conscience and circumstances, and as sure as fishes and reptiles are not born of cattle and horses and thorn-trees and thistles bring forth not figs and grapes but thorns and thistles, just so sure is it that an idea is moulded by the age in which it is born and the mind that gives birth to it. When our earliest forefathers came out of Asia some turned northward and settled in the Scandinavian Peninsula, where the mighty sea roared all about them, the winds swept over them in gales and Nature showed herself in her most heroic mood, and when their religion began to take shape the God of Strength held a prominent place among the divinities. Some of them turned southward and settled in Egypt, where the great river comes down once a year, bringing rich deposits from the hills above to fertilize their land, and when their religion has developed they are become ardent worshipers of Osiris, the God of the River. Some found their way to the Mediterranean and Greece, the land of sculpture, and Rome, the maker of wars, came into existence and in due time we find them worshiping—the former, the Goddess of Beauty; the latter, the God of War. Nor was it possible that the religion of these people should have been other than what it was. It was the result of the conscience of the people grappling with the circumstances which surrounded them in the sincere effort to solve the problems of their life, and it was inevitable that it should bear the impress of that conscience and those circumstances.

But the characteristics of these religions that I have mentioned are not their only characteristics; they merely indicate the points of emphasis, an emphasis due to the salient features of the atmosphere and circumstances which the people found themselves surrounded. The soul grows as does the body, and Nature supplies to it, as to the body, the things its growth makes necessary. To Thor is added Balder and Freya and Loki; in Egypt shrines are set up to Isis, Horns and Typhon; the beauty-loving Greeks worship Aeolus, Hephaestos and Ares in addition to Aphrodite; Mars must share the homage of the Romans with Venus, Saturn and Neptune.

And yet with all the growth and development and elaboration of these primitive religions there was a limit beyond which these peoples in this, the first, of the three great stages of religious development did not pass. That there were divine forces at work in the universe above and around and within them they knew. They knew there was a god of the waters and a god of the winds, a divinity that was present at the marriage ceremony and one that sat in the death chamber, a god of agriculture and a god of war. It remained for another race, a race that is preëminently the religious race of the world's history, to teach men that the god of the waters, and the god of the winds, and the god of love, and the god of death, and the god of agriculture, and the god of war are all one God. "Hear O Israel," said the prophet, "the Lord thy God is one God," and he expressed in these words the great central truth of Judaism. True Judaism contained other truths. As Dr. Abbott suggests, it taught that God is a righteous god; that he demands righteousness of his children and that he demands nothing else; that man is the image of God; that "God is the great companion, the loving yet terrible friend of his inmost soul, with whom he holds communion in the inmost sanctuary of his heart, to whom he turns, or should turn, in any hour of his adversity or happiness;" that the right relationship between God and man may be brought about only by man's acceptance of perfect, divine righteousness as a standard and endeavoring to live up to it. But these are but corollaries to that other great truth. It was the assimilation of the idea that God is one God that was the accomplishment of the second great epoch of religious development.

Fifteen hundred years Israel spent in teaching and learning that the Lord God is one God and then there was born to him one who was to announce to men the third great religious truth and inaugurate the third great stage of religious development.

The ancients had discovered many things in life that were desirable—strength, beauty, love, good crops—and had imagined a god to correspond to each; the Hebrews had discovered that the Lord God was one God and that he possessed all the good attributes of all the gods of the ancients—strength, beauty, love, dominion. But both the religion of the ancients and that of the Hebrews was selfish. They pictured to themselves rewards that would come to them or punishments they would stave off if they did homage to their gods. And here was one who announced "as one having authority" "it is better to give than to receive."

This, then, is the great central truth of the religious thought of the present age, and it is the development and assimilation of this truth that makes the stage of religious development through which we are passing now.

But the problem is not one to be solved in a day, or a year, or a hundred years, nor by one man or organization or federation. Already it has for two thousand years engaged the attention and energy of many men and organizations and the question is hardly more than presented. Countless side issues and minor problems, many of them unessential, have arisen and so occupied men's minds that they have lost sight of the great truth which the Master had given them to promulgate. History indicates that the church, when first organized, was thoroughly permeated with the spirit of loving sacrifice for others, but this spirit did not long remain and we early find the church, instead of requiring of itself that it be of service to humanity, rather demanding of men that they do homage to it. All through the ages, from that time to this, the church has been employed, so far as the work of the organization is concerned, rather in formulating a body of doctrine and securing men's subscription to that doctrine than in promulgating, by example and precept, Christ's great, yet simple, truth, "It is better to give than to receive." The preacher of today who talks to his congregation of Baptism and Predestination and Atonement and reward and punishment is preaching not Christianity but Judaism.

But in spite of all the faults and failures of the church—and up to within recent years most of the world's religious work has been done through the

church, or at least within the church—progress has been made. One by one problems have been solved and truths made plain, and we are nearer to perfection, according to our Heavenly Father's standard, than were our forefathers of two thousand years ago.

Of late years, owing to the church's refusal to meet squarely and openly the religious problems that progress has brought to the front, there have arisen many organizations outside the church to grapple with these problems. Each one of these organizations has, of course, a purpose, and these purposes, which are but ideas plus a determination to bring into actual existence the state of affairs which the ideas picture, are moulded by the general thought of the age in which they are born, or they are not worthy the name of purpose. Just as the great epoch-making religious ideas have followed one another, each one stamped with the impress of the minds which gave birth to it and the circumstances with which those minds came in contact, and yet each one not repudiating the truth contained in the ones which preceded but merely adding to it, so we may see in the succession of purposes of the religious organizations since the time of Christ a constant progress, each purpose moulded by the particular phase of Christ's great truth which is uppermost in the minds of men when the organization is formed, but each one bringing as its gift to humanity a fragment of truth to be added to, not substituted, for the fragments already brought by preceding organizations. Of course, the purpose of an organization must not be judged by what is given out as its purpose when the organization is formed. Seldom, if ever, does this prove to be a satisfactory statement of the purpose as it is developed in the work of the organization; for either it is so broad as to admit of various interpretations, or it is so limited as to be soon outgrown. All purposes may be divided into two classes: those that are disinterested and those that are selfish. To which of these classes the purpose of a particular organization belongs may, indeed, be truly indicated by the words in which the purpose is set forth when the organization is formed, but this purpose is shaped and developed and possibly changed altogether by the local conditions in the field where the organization does its work.

There are, then, in the consideration of the purpose of a particular organization four questions which are pertinent:

1. What is the general thought of the age in which the organization is formed?
2. Is the purpose disinterested or selfish?
3. How has it been affected by local conditions?
4. How has it developed in doing its work?

First then: What particular phase of the great truth of Christianity is most prominent in the general thought of our age and what relation does the purpose of the Congress of Religion bear to this phase of religious truth?

The truth which presents itself to me most prominently in reviewing the record of the religious thought of our age is that man is of like nature with God. This seems to be the particular minor truth of Christianity which it is given our age to emphasize and develop. Christ stated it in such phrases as "I am in the Father and the Father in me," in such commands as "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." But his people did not recognize it as truth then and some of them crucified him as a man speaking blasphemies, and some of them worshiped him as a God sojourning among men. That men did not recognize this truth for many centuries is evidenced in the way in which they have been accustomed to regard the Bible as an all-inclusive statement of truth dictated by God to human amanuenses and transmitted by them to us without any coloration from their human personality and experience. And, just so, the fact that since the advent of the modern scientific methods of study men are beginning to recognize this truth is evidenced in the new view of the Bible as a book of religion recording the religious experiences of a nation of earnest seekers after truth. And such a change in conception of the Bible seems natural when we remember that we have changed from the view which contemplated man as a "worm" and invested God with every attribute which would raise him above man's plane, to the view which regards man as indeed, in character as well as outward form, the image of God, and God as the standard of perfection, the ultimate goal, and yet the loving Companion and Father. And what attitude does the Congress of Religion take toward this truth? If I understand the Congress correctly, it accepts this truth fully and makes it the basis for its work. Its purpose is stated as being to bring about the "coöperation of all religious forces for the establishment of the Kingdom of Righteousness in the world." It has no creed. It does not hold up one view as containing all truth. It recognizes no all-inclusive statement of truth. It rather seeks to find the fragment of truth contained in each statement and each experience and make them all public property.

Second: Is the purpose of the Congress of Religion disinterested or selfish?

On this point I need say only a few words. As I said before, the purpose of an organization as stated when the organization is formed truly indicates whether it is selfish or disinterested—unless, indeed, a false statement of purpose is given designedly in order to gain support for the organization it could not otherwise hope to get, and we have no reason to suspect that in this case. I think then we will all agree that the purpose as stated above is entirely unselfish.

Third: What effect had local conditions on this purpose?

In this age of religious discussion and controversy we should not be surprised to see organizations arise which are educational—have for their purpose the explanation and establishment of certain statements of truth. But the Congress of Religion, though it is, indeed, educational, yet presents no statement of truth. In Chicago, the home of the Congress, the field of exegesis and explanation is fully supplied with laborers. In addition to the various schools and organizations, found in greater or less number in almost every enlightened community, the great university here serves as a forum where men of the greatest culture and widest experience may come to express their views, and no other organization is needed to afford opportunity for advanced statements of truth. But if the presence of an organization affording opportunity for the expression of various ideas and every shade of opinion cuts off the Congress of Religion from one field it creates, or helps to create a new field in which it may work. The very fact that opportunity is afforded for the expression of many different religious views suggests employment for some person or organization in interpreting these different views, picking out what is essential in each and making of these essentials a basis for coöperation and more effective work of all religious forces. And this, as I under-

has taken upon itself. Of the development of this purpose as the organization has carried on its work you can judge for yourselves from what you have heard Mr. Marks say in speaking of the history of the organization.

There remains then but a word about the value of such a purpose. Its value in the past may be judged by what the organization has accomplished up to the present. Its value for the future will depend on whether it keeps pace with the religious thought of succeeding generations and whether it continues to be a disinterested effort for the uplifting of men. That the Congress of Religion is at present both unselfish and entirely in keeping with the spirit of our age I think there can be no doubt. That it will remain so and be of much service to humanity we can at least hope.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The New York Campaign.

The Hughes-Hearst campaign in New York continues without any very striking events. It is by no means so clear as Republicans seem to think, that their candidate will have a walk-over. Perhaps the most helpful thing for their side is the statement that Chinese are employed on the Hearst estate in California. There is nothing reprehensible of itself in this, though it would damage him somewhat with the "labor" element, to which he caters, but his emphatic denial of the fact leaves him in a very unenviable position. His followers do not seem to mind that he is neither "square" nor "upright" toward others, claiming that he is "grand," but it is exceedingly doubtful whether they will enjoy the discovery that his lavish promises to them are very likely not worth the paper in which they are printed. If the Hearst bubble can be burst in this way it will be a happy event. If not we may have to wait for his election to some high executive office to have the worthlessness of his promises made clear.

The Situation in Pennsylvania.

The fight for reform in Pennsylvania has, on the whole, a hopeful outlook. The revelation that $9,000,000 has been spent on the new state capitol, for furnishing and decoration, without and appropriation for that purpose, and in addition to the $4,000,000 voted for the purpose, which was used for the erection of the mere shell, has roused voters to the character of their government. The disturbances caused by the wabbly actions of Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, on account of his disappointment in the matter of offices, and by some tactless utterances of Mr. Emery, the candidate for governor, seem to have been more than offset. The machine, with a highly respectful nonentity as decoy candidate, are making their campaign on the plea that a victory of the Lincoln party is a refusal to indorse Roosevelt and the national administration. The plea is absurd to every outsider, but has force among Pennsylvania stalwarts, and the reformers have been rightly disappointed that the President, who has not refrained from letting his attitude be known in other state conflicts, has allowed this plea to go without contradiction. Even the President sometimes yields to the pressure of the party machine, though no man has ever yet stood up against it more strongly.

First Offenses.

The first offense plea for young criminals has often proved an easy way of evading richly deserved punishment. This plea received a vigorous setback in Philadelphia from Judge Biddle. A young girl of nineteen was accused of forgery. Her attorney claimed that her apparent crime was only a mistake made in girlhood's pardonable ignorance of business forms and practices. The press dispatches give the sequel in the following language: "The good impression was further enhanced by the plausible explanation given by the girl on the witness stand and her denial, when her voice rang and her eyes flashed, of any intention to do wrong. And then the crowded court room gasped with astonishment as the youthful prisoner confessed, with bowed head and weak voice, under a severe cross-examination, that she was a professional thief, had committed a robbery three years ago in that city, and later eight thefts in Baltimore, and that a picture in the Rogue's Gallery in the latter city was her portrait." She received a five-years' sentence. Judges are not altogether to blame in their reluctance to sentence young prisoners. A term in prison usually confirms criminal tendencies. When we have learned to make our prisons real reformatories such difficulties will be avoided.

Standard Oil on Trial.

The well-known tactics of the Standard Oil Company have been shown up again in a trial in progress in Findlay, Ohio. One new ruse has come to light. The holding company, which holds the stocks in various subsidiary corporations, has been shown to be an English corporation, but the attorney-general is authority for the statement that this will not embarrass the government in its prosecution. The idea that corporations are creatures of the law and must learn to obey its requirements, seems to be gaining ground, even among the habitual corporation law breakers.

The Evils of the Fee System.

The evils of the fee system received a striking illustration last week in the turning over by State's Attorney Healy, of Chicago, to the county of over $50,000 fees which he had received in less than three months over and above his salary of $10,000 per annum. The salary law had been held unconstitutional and the return of the money was made in accordance with a preëlection pledge to confine himself to the liberal salary indicated as the will of the legislature. Fees which seem reasonable when business is comparatively small become outrageous as it increases, and the money is worse than wasted when given to the official, as officials so paid become mines from which the lowest forms of machine politics derive their sinews of war. It is a credit to Mr. Healy to have turned over this money, which he might legally have kept, but it would have been despicable if he had done otherwise.

Chicago's Great Excitement.

The one all-absorbing event in Chicago and surrounding territory during the past week has been the contest between the "Sox" and the "Spuds" for the national baseball championship. There is hardly a reader of this paper who does not know without any telling here that the "Sox" won after a highly exciting contest. Are we to divide politically on the merits of the Nationals and the Americans, as Constantinople used to do on the merits of the Greens and the Blues? If so Mr. Hearst might do well to attach the "Americans" to his league of papers.

Cuban Intervention.

The marvel of our intervention in Cuba is that there is so little to relate. Secretary Taft has quietly retired from his temporary position as acting-governor, and has been replaced by Charles E. Magoon, late governor of the Panama Canal Zone. There has been no flourish of trumpets, and thus little or no wounding of sensitive feelings. Two significant occurrences deserve to be noted, one that the leaders of the revolt, who feel that they have won and, therefore, deserve all the offices, did not venture to make any demands on Governor Taft, or even suggestions to him, on this subject in their farewell call upon him, though reports indicated that they had a meeting previously for the express purpose of asking for favors of this kind. It is hardly possible that the idea that public office is a public trust has crossed the mind of the Cuban revolutionist, but apparently he has got so far that he has seen that it would not be quite wise to be too brazen in their asking. This, of itself, is a long step in advance. The other point of interest is that the Moderates, who asked for the intervention, refrained from paying any courtesies to the secretary on his departure. This may indicate merely unwillingness to be associated in any way with the Liberals, but may also point to future refusal to cooperate, which may call for skilful handling on the part of Governor Magoon. It may be added that Secretary Taft's skilful handling of the situation will go a long way toward setting him before the people as the right successor to President Roosevelt.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine.

It is a fine example of the spirit of service which Mrs. Emmons Blaine affords in herself taking the place of assistant principal for a time in the Parker school of educational methods which she founded and endowed a few years ago. Her experience there will double her efficiency as a member of the Chicago school board; and finest of all is the spirit it illustrates.

T. D. B.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—I see no way to go along smoothly in the world without an habitual large-mindedness.
MON.—Faithfulness is the first and highest thing required of us.
TUES.—Thou canst not do what thou wouldst, yet thou canst do bravely what thou must.
WED.—There is a God in every man and it is for us to let him speak and to hear him.
THURS.—The path of duty is still the predestined path.
FRI.—We belong to peace; we belong to love; we belong to all that is covered by the sacred name of Good.
SAT.—It is the ideal destiny of every human being to rule himself. —*W. M. Salter.*

Sunday School Songs

FATHER IN HEAVEN.

(*Thuringian Popular Air.*)

Father in Heaven, hear thou our simple prayer,
Full are our youthful hearts with love for thee,
Show us thy righteous way; O, teach us how to pray,
That we may live alway close, close to thee.

Father in Heaven, here are our willing hands,
Fit them for thy commands, Father we pray;
Make thou our ready feet for thy dear errands meet
And let thy service sweet hallow each day.

Father in Heaven, make our young hearts to be
Filled with thy harmony, perfect, divine,
Till we may make thy face, glowing with heavenly grace,
In every time and place, through ours to shine.

Tyrian Purple

Of all the staple articles of the Phœnicians' export trade, the one which created the widest demand and fetched the highest prices was their purple dye,—an article, too, which could be had only from them. They supplied the markets also with many other most valuable products of their industry, but there was none so distinctly their own. They were skillful workers in metals, and produced exquisite cups, dishes, ewers, and ornaments of all sorts in gold, silver, and bronze. Their glasswares were as famous as Bohemian and Venetian glass is nowadays. Their looms were not idle. But in all these branches they could be imitated and rivaled, in some outdone. Thus the works of the Egyptian jewelers are marvels of art; and the Egyptians also manufactured glass, while many countries and cities might have disputed the prize in weaving fine stuffs and beautiful carpets. But the purple dye the Phœnicians had discovered, invented, they possessed and jealously guarded the secret of it; and no one else could make it. Through all the gradations of color, from delicate crimson to the richest blood-red, the softest amethyst-purple, the deepest black, they could manage the wonderful substance, till the costliest, most perfect piece of woolen goods increased in value tenfold on emerging from their vats. And robes of Sidonian or Tyrian purple became an almost necessary attribute of royalty and of worship, the adornment of temples, the distinctive badge of the high-born of all nations, so that the less wealthy or more thrifty, as in later times the Romans, if they could not afford or condemned the expense of the lordly luxury, still adorned at least the hem of their garments with a more or less wide band of purple, according to the wearer's rank.

Never before or after did tiny shell-fish—for that was the humble scale in creation occupied by the giver of the precious dyeing substance—come to such high honor or play so princely a part in the affairs of the mighty of this world, unless we except the pearl oyster. Yet even pearl fisheries, though they have enriched companies and fed whole populations, have not been the making of great states, while it may be said, with very little exaggeration, that the purple mussel was the making of Phœnicia; first, by the discovery of it; then, and still more, by its disappearance. The dyeing substance is a fluid secreted by the mussel in almost microscopic quantity, each animal yielding just one small drop. Of this fluid, the raw material, it is recorded that three hundred pounds were needed to dye fifty pounds of wool. Clearly, at this rate, the home fisheries, however abundant, had to be exhausted some day; and, when the mussel began to grow scarce, the fishers followed it up the coast in their boats. It was soon discovered that the entire coast of Asia Minor swarmed with the precious shell-fish

But this was not all. It appears that in those days a particular kind of mussel absolutely filled the waters, not only of the Asiatic coast, but of all the islands between that and Greece, the straits and bays and gulfs of Greece itself, nay, of Sicily, and, further still, the coast of Northern Africa and Southern Spain in the entire Mediteranean. From Island, then, to island the Phœnicians advanced, always in pursuit of their invaluable "raw material;" on, onward to the west, till the shores of Africa and Spain became to them as familiar as their own. Thus this same insignificant little animal, after founding the wealth and prosperity of the nation, lured it into enterprise, and became the direct cause of the first voyages of discovery that were ever made, and which enlarged the world, as then known, by all the expanse of the Mediterranean, with all the countries that enclose it, and all the islands scattered over it; for of these, surely, there is not one that was not first stepped upon by the Phœnicians.

But even this is not all that marvelous mussel did for them. It founded their first colonies. For it would have been highly unpractical and wasteful to bring home shiploads of the mussels for the sake of the one drop of fluid to be obtained from each. It was much simpler to extract it on the spot, and leave the shells to rot or dry upon the shore, as the pearl-fishers do with the oysters. That such really became the general practice we have evidence in the mounds of shells still occasionally found on the beach of this or that island. This obvious calculation gave rise to the establishment of counting-houses and factories at the principal landing points: these, in their turn, and at the more important stations, gradually expanded into permanent settlements. Contact with the native populations, as yet very rude and uncultured, was inevitable. Native labor had to be employed, as being both cheap and handy. The islanders were quickly trained to fish for the purple mussel themselves, and to trade it to the strangers for manufactured wares,—pottery, glass, woolens; and there is no doubt that the foreign merchants drove many hard bargains and cheated their semi-barbarous customers quite as systematically and successfully as the modern traders who grow rich on the gold and ivory of African tribes, obtained for handfuls of beads, bottles of whiskey, and poor cutlery.—*The Story of Assyria.*

Little Words

"Yes, you did, too!"
"I did not!"
Thus the little quarrel started,
Thus, by unkind little words,
Two fond friends were parted.
"I am sorry."
"So am I."
Thus the little quarrel ended,
Thus, by loving little words,
Two fond hearts were mended.
—*H. B. Keech, in Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE CESAR CASE IN PROTESTANT GERMANY.

While the religious conditions brought about by the recent law of separation are falling forth such unexpectedly and inspiringly broad and liberal utterances on the part of French catholics, from much-governed Germany continue to come, especially by way of Wiesbaden, reports of reactionary tendencies and frequently recurring attempts to interfere with the free choice of protestant pastors and to do away with the non-confessional schools. The so-called César case is reported at length in the *Chronik der Christlichen Welt.*

In reading the history of this case it must be borne in mind that parochial conditions in Europe are somewhat different from our own, it being customary to have quite a number of pastors for each church.

A certain church in Dortmund, needing an eighth pastor, its choice fell, in April last, upon a clergyman named César, who had already been for eighteen years a successful and beloved pastor in the Grand-duchy of Saxe-Weimar.

Being called thus from another state, it was necessary, according to church regulations, that the consistory should pass upon the candidate's fitness for service in the Westphalian church. Conference with Pastor César raised doubts as to his orthodoxy from the standpoint of the Westphalian confession of faith, and the matter was referred to an enlarged consistory, with the result that the pastor's appointment was not confirmed.

Against this action the Dortmund church emphatically protests, declaring: "We had occasion not long since to defend ourselves against attacks from this same consistory upon our right of local self-government by an appeal to the superior Evangelical Church Council, which did us full justice. We now find ourselves obliged to ask its aid again and hope for the same impartial investigation of the situation. The present attack of the consistory is a still more serious one and of fundamental significance for the sound development of church life and peace in the entire community.

"In our rapidly growing community it became necessary to fill three new pastorates. With a view to retaining persons of all shades of theological belief and promoting a spirit of justice and peace in the community, we set about this task with scrupulous care and invited candidates of differing views in equal number. The result was absolute unanimity when it came to the election. All three men were chosen—Pastor César first of all—by unanimous vote of the parish representatives, men of the most divergent theological tendencies voting together. Nor was there any after protest to the Presbytery, the Superintendent or the Royal Consistory. Yet Pastor César's appointment is not confirmed. We therefore find ourselves confronted by a situation hitherto unknown, we believe, in the Rhenish-Westphalian church, that of a unanimously-elected pastor, who has already occupied a pastoral office unchallenged for eighteen years, and against whose election no due and regular protest has been made, being unconfirmed by the Westphalian consistory. We see in this a reflection on the ability of the congregation and its representatives to judge in church matters, that is in direct contravention of the presbyterial spirit of our Rhenish-Westphalian church constitution."

Space fails to go into all the details of this interesting case, but we cannot forbear quoting one or two more utterances of this spirited protest.

Declining to go into a discussion of theological issues, its authors go on to say: "We judge a pastor by his ability to express his Christian convictions with force and humility, to give loving sympathy and counsel as needed to every member of the parish and to faithfully administer his office as a sacred and weighty responsibility for human souls committed to him by God."

They wish it understood, however, that their refusal to enter into theological controversy does not proceed from ignorance of the points at issue. On the contrary, they add: "We can see in the decision of the consistory only an attempt to silence all freer tendencies coexisting with orthodoxy in the evangelical national church."

And again: "The decision of the consistory is adapted to permanently disturb the peace which we have hitherto successfully striven to maintain between divergent tendencies in our common church life. In place of the already won harmony we should have in future excited and unedifying election struggles. The participation of the cultivated in our common church life, which has been increasing most happily, would fall off decidedly."

A letter from Pastor César follows, in which he gives to a friend his account of the catechising he was put through by the Westphalian consistory. His views contain nothing startling to American liberals. He applies to the Scriptures the protestant principle of free investigation and exposition, laying stress on the spirit rather than the letter of the Word. He denies the doctrine of the virgin birth. Jesus is the son of God, not in any physical or metaphysical sense, but because he is religiously, morally, one with God. Pastor César avoids the use of the "unbiblical" term original sin, though believing that mankind inherits a heavy burden of weakness and temptation from its past. He does not believe in miracles, nor in the resurrection; but gladly preaches the Easter message that Jesus lives, that he is a living power in the world day and the important thing is that he lives in us.

M. E. H.

John Hay "An American, Body and Soul."

If you want to see an American, body and soul, through and through, in every fiber of his being devoted to the welfare of his country—his whole country; he is your guest this evening. And as this genial air naturally predisposes our northern hearts to expansion and confidence, I will venture to say that those of us who are with him are like him, except in fame and ability. We are all Democrats, we are all Republicans, we are all Americans. We have no principles which will not equally suit the climate of Massachusetts and that of Louisiana. Perhaps, in the department with which I am more immediately concerned, we have been working rather more in the interest of the south than in that of other sections. We have done our best to extend your markets by reciprocal treaties and other measures, and to clear away all barriers to an Isthmian Canal under American ownership and control. We have felt it was time for the south to share in the general prosperity, and we know every section will profit by what benefits one.

Will you allow me one personal word to express the pleasure with which I find myself here? My boyhood was passed on the banks of the Mississippi—but so vast is the extent of the territory traversed by this mighty river "which

drains our Andes and divides a world," so cosmical is the range of climate through which it passes, that when I was young its northern and southern regions seemed alien and strange to each other in all aspects save those of patriotic national pride. To us for a part of the year it was a white and dazzling bridge, safe as a city street for sleighing and skating, and framed in by snow-clad bluffs; but we loved to think that far away to the south it flowed through a land of perpetual summer, fragrant with fruits and ever-blooming flowers, blessed continually with days of sunshine and nights of balm. We thought of you without envy, but with joy that your enchanted land was ours also—that we, too, had a share in your goodly heritage. All through my childhood New Orleans was to me a realm of faery, a land of dreams. And when I grew older I read with delight your history and your literature—the one filled with romance in action, the other constantly distinguished by the touch of southern grace and Latin art.—*From an undelivered address by John Hay in Putnam's Monthly for October.*

The Sign

"As like as brother to brother
Is Love to Lust;
How can I tell, my Mother,
Love from Lust?

"The eyes of each are as springs
Clear and sweet;
On the shoulders of each are wings—
Child, on the feet,

"On the feet of Love are wings!
On the feet of Lust
For a sign and a warning clings—
A little dust."

—*R. E. Roberts in the New York Tribune.*

Personal.

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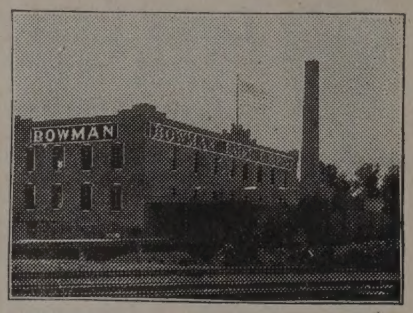

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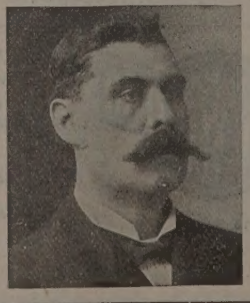

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